

JUST AS OF OLD.

BY ALICE HAWTHORNE.

Just as of old, the moments come and go—

The spring with its flowers, and the winter with its snow,

The hours pass away, the seasons warm and cold,

And time rolls along to-day just as of old ;

But ah, how we change, as years come on anew,

The heart grows strange that once was kind and true,

And dear friends part, as others pass away,

And sadly sighs the weary heart day after day.

But just as of old, the moments come and go—

The spring with its flowers and the winter with its snow,

The hours pass away, the seasons warm and cold,

And time rolls along to-day just as of old.

Just as of old, the many stars appear,

And greet us again, as in some forgotten year;

The flowers bloom anew, and rivers ever flow,

Just as they did in days of old—long, long ago.

But why should we sigh when hoping for the best,

As years roll by the heart will find its rest,

But hope soon dies, and sorrow holds her sway,

For many that we learn to prize, soon pass away.

But just as of old, &c.

Music of this Song to be obtained at

SEP. WINNER'S MUSIC STORE,
No. 933 Spring Garden Street, Philada.